The Coventry Carol

Blake

Lully, lullay
Lully, lullayLully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child
By, by, lully, lullay
Lully, lullayO sisters, too, how may we do
For to preserve this day?
This poor youngling for whom we sing
By, by, lully, lullayHerod the King, in his raging
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight
All young children to slayThat woe is me, poor child, for Thee
And ever mourn and day
For Thy parting [Incomprehensible], nor say nor sing
By, by, lully, lullayLully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child
By, by, lully, lullay
By, by, lully, lullay
By, by, lully, lullayLully, lullay
Lully, lullay

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